The Weapon

Rush

We've got nothin' to fear but fear itself
Not pain, not failure, not fatal tragedy
Not the faulty units in this mad machinery
Not the broken contacts in emotional chemistry
With an iron fist in a velvet glove
We are sheltered under the gun
In the glory game on the power change
Thy kingdom's will be done
And the things that we fear
Are a weapon to be held against us
He's not afraid of your judgment
He knows of horrors worse than your hell
He's a little bit afraid of dyin'
But he's a lot more afraid of your lyin'
And the things that he fears
Are a weapon to be held against him
Can any part of life be larger than life?
Even love must be limited by time
And those who push us down that they might climb
Is any killer worth more than his crime?
Like a steely blade in a silken sheath
We don't see what they're made of
They shout about love but when push comes to shove
They live for the things they're afraid of
And the knowledge that they fear
Is a weapon to be used against them
He's not afraid of your judgment
He knows of horrors worse than your hell
He's a little bit afraid of dyin'
But he's a lot more afraid of your lyin'
And the things that he fears
Are a weapon to be held against him
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He knows of horrors, worse than your hell
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